

RICH GIRL SLEW HERSELF FOR LOVE OF NAVY MARTYR

Talented Miss Ronaldson Fired
Fatal Shot Gazing at
Loved Portrait.

GOODRICH HER IDEAL.

Shocked by News of Death in
Warship's Turret, Her
Grief Found End.

It was grief over the fate of Lieut. Charles R. Goodrich, who met his death in the explosion in the turret of the battleship Georgia a week ago, that caused the rich musician, Miss Laura D. Ronaldson, to end her life yesterday afternoon in her bachelor apartment at the La Porte apartment house, No. 151 Amsterdam avenue.

Upon the mantel, so placed as to be the last object upon which the eyes of the girl would fall as she gazed at the portrait of her lover, was a photograph of the gallant young officer in full uniform.

When the body was found, stretched upon the dainty bed, with the revolver still held in the stiffened clutch of the jeweled fingers, friends and acquaintances of the young woman were at a loss to account for her act.

Miss Ronaldson was rich, attractive and talented. She had friends of her own choosing and lived a life of complete independence. Her rooms were models of luxury and good taste. Rare old family pictures mingled with valuable curios which she had picked up in the unfrequented corners of the earth, for Miss Ronaldson was a world traveler, as well as a musician of high repute.

Had Everything to Live For.

On the walls were dainty water colors, depicting from crossed fencing foils or displays between tennis racquets and rowing skulls. The girl it seemed, had likewise been a thoroughgoing athlete. Seemingly she had everything to live for.

The picture of young Caspar Goodrich told the story—that and the fragmentary narrative of one of her acquaintances. The death of the brilliant young lieutenant in the steam-turbo, powder-spitting inferno of the battleship turret was the second great sorrow that had come into the life of Laura Ronaldson.

Three years ago her dearest chum, the daughter of a New York banker, killed herself during a fit of melancholia. The tragedy so weighed upon Miss Ronaldson's mind that she, too, attempted suicide. A relative knocked a revolver from her hand as she aimed at her own heart.

Time softened the memory of the first grief, then Miss Ronaldson met Lieut. Goodrich. They may not have been engaged, but it is said that the rich girl cared greatly for the naval officer. She kept his picture where she could see it constantly and she wrote often to him. Last Saturday, as she came back from a walk up Morris street, she saw a newspaper press a paper into her hands.

Awful Death Shocked Her.

On the front page under glaring headlines was read of the death of Lieut. Goodrich and his fellow sailors. From that moment the girl hardly showed other lodgers in the apartment house. She kept her room locked and most of the time, nursing her sorrow.

Late yesterday afternoon a maid knocked upon the door without getting an answer. Finally she became alarmed. She told the policeman that she had seen Miss Ronaldson in a peculiar state of mind. She had called a policeman, Miss Ronaldson had been dead for hours.

Several sealed letters lay on a writing desk. The policeman took charge of the bank books, showing a number of checks for thousands of dollars to Miss Ronaldson's father, Mr. J. B. Irwin, relating to the prospective purchase of a house in Lexington, Mass., as well as that she would care for the body.

The remains of Miss Ronaldson were shipped today to her uncle, Dr. Charles Ritz, at Lewistown, Pa.

MISS BRECHMIN A
BRIDE IN LONDON.

Dr. David M. Gillespie Weds New
York Girl with Notable Cer-
emony at St. Margaret's.

LONDON, July 20.—An interesting marriage ceremony was celebrated at St. Margaret's Chapel, Westminster, the scene of so many American weddings, at noon today. Dr. David Moffat Gillespie, son of the late William Gillespie, of New York, and a nephew of David Moffat, the Denver financier, was married to Lillian Brechmin, daughter of Lieut. Louis Brechmin, of the United States.

The bride was given away by her father, Capt. Sydney A. Cloman, the American military attaché, was the best man and Miss Helen De Young was maid of honor.

The bride, who is a blonde, was robed in a gown of white lace and wore a chain of pearls and diamonds, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. De Young, who also had on a brooch of diamonds and rubies, the gift of the groom. Miss Helen De Young wore a gown of pink chiffon trimmed with Valenciennes lace and a large white hat covered with flowers.

Among those who attended the ceremony and the wedding breakfast at the Westminster Palace Hotel, were Mrs. Mary Gillespie, mother of the groom; Mrs. Brechmin, mother of the bride; Mr. and Mrs. H. H. De Young, the bride's uncle and her father, the groom's father; Constable and Kathleen; Mrs. Mexico Capron and Mrs. Natalie of Washington; Capt. and Mrs. Cloman and Sigmond De Young, of San Francisco.

The couple will make a tour of England this summer and then will return to New York to reside.

Miss Brechmin is the daughter of Col. Louis Brechmin, a United States army surgeon attached to the Bureau of Supplies, Department of the East, with headquarters in New York. The family formerly lived at the Hotel Stirling, on West Fifty-sixth street. Dr. Gillespie lives at No. 120 West Fifty-sixth street. He is a Yale graduate.

Wealthy Bachelor Girl Suicide and Martyr of Navy She Died For



Lieut. Goodrich

THIEF STOPPED BY BULLET AND THEN CLUBBED

Police Beat Wounded Prisoner
Until Citizens Make
Protest.

After an exciting chase through several blocks, in which many shots were fired by pursuing policemen, early today a youth who said he was William Morgan, eleven years old and starving, was captured on a charge of burglary and despite a hand mangled by a bullet was beaten because he could not tell the name of his confederate.

Some one notified Policeman McElroy, of the Mercer street station, that burglars were working in the saloon at Bond and Therman, No. 23 Bond street. The two thieves ran when the officer approached.

Fleeing west through Bond street to Lafayette place, they went north to Fourth street, closely pursued by McElroy, who fired a shot to frighten them. He was joined by Policeman Coogan, who fired two shots as the fugitives ran from Fourth street into Broadway. One disappeared, and the other doubled back east on Bond street.

Policeman McElroy, who had been firing into the air, fearing that the remaining thief would get away, shot him. The bullet struck the fugitive in the left hand, shattering the index finger and thumb. He stopped and surrendered.

"I wouldn't have done it if I hadn't been starving," he said. He told the officers he was an English miner without a home and out of work.

McElroy had lost his holster in the chase, and, turning the prisoner over to Coogan, started back to find it. An effort was made to get from Morgan the name of his pal, but he declared he didn't know him. The man who had only last night. All he knew about him, he declared, was that he wore a cap.

A number of citizens had been aroused by the firing, and among those who came up was a policeman, who, without warning, walked up behind the prisoner and struck him a vicious blow in the back with his nightstick.

"Here!" spoke up one of the citizens. "Stop that! The man is wounded and under arrest. It's cowardly to hit him, especially in the back." This saved the prisoner from further abuse.

On the way to the station a policeman, who was found sleeping in the saloon during the robbery, had left on the run when the firing began, came up, and a policeman in uniform threw him his nightstick.

"What is it?" asked the officer in his shirt. "Burglary," said the officer in charge. "You don't know the man, do you?" asked the other, as he grasped the nightstick more firmly, and started toward the prisoner.

A citizen, dividing his intention, protested. "He's been beaten enough," declared the citizen.

The policeman then turned on him and a wordy war followed, the citizen being threatened with imprisonment. But they didn't beat the prisoner again. Morgan was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital. His thumb and finger will probably have to be amputated.

ROBBED IN CITY PARK.

Three Young Highwaymen Seen,
but They Get Away.

Mrs. Annie Kripke, who lives on the top floor of the house at No. 35 Goerck street, with her husband Max and their seven children, went with her sons, Able and Morris, to the water front in Corlies Hook Park this morning. They had a little trouble with flowers.

Among those who attended the ceremony and the wedding breakfast at the Westminster Palace Hotel, were Mrs. Mary Gillespie, mother of the groom; Mrs. Brechmin, mother of the bride; Mr. and Mrs. H. H. De Young, the bride's uncle and her father, the groom's father; Constable and Kathleen; Mrs. Mexico Capron and Mrs. Natalie of Washington; Capt. and Mrs. Cloman and Sigmond De Young, of San Francisco.

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Message on Kite Led to Boy's Death.

William Siegel, eight years old, fell from the roof of his home, a five-story tenement, at No. 22 East Thirty-second street, yesterday afternoon and was killed. In grabbing for a message pinned to a kite flown by his brother Frank, the boy fell from the roof and in his fall narrowly escaped landing on his brother, who stood looking upward, unable to move from fright.



Laura D. Ronaldson

Spooning at Coney Depends on Policeman

If He's Sentimental You May Steal a
Kiss; if He Isn't You Will Surely
Get Into Trouble Over It.

BY MARGARET ROHE.

"What are the wild waves saying
Out at Coney, Maggie dear?"
"They're saying Bill can't kiss me,
Or police will interfere."

Alas! Coney isn't what is used to be. It's all to the bad as a lovers' paradise, and Percy from the ribbon counter may no longer stroll on its golden sands with a frankfurter sandwich in one hand, her hand in the other.

For Coney has acquired a moral tone. The Bowery is horrified at a hug. Even the mildest form of spooning stirs Surf avenue to the very heart, and as for a kiss—well, that smacks of disorderly conduct.

And it's all on account of Police Capt. Langan's new code of rules and regulations for "spooners."

"It ain't that I'm sour on the love business," said Capt. Langan at his desk in the police station today. "I don't blame a young man for wanting to kiss a pretty girl when he can, or even a plain one. Love's a mighty fine thing, and all right in its place, but its place ain't in public. It's got to be looked to, and I've doubled the force of men to patrol the beach after dark."

A Sad Vision.

"But if this keeps up," I said, "just picture the Coney island of the future. Lovers strolling under the moon and sea waves, each empty of the other's hand. An eagle-eyed cop at every corner and huge placards reading 'Down with Kissing,' 'No Spooning Allowed Here,' 'Let Go of Hands,' at every turn. And just think how the business will fall off at the scenic rail-ways if hugging is tabooed!"

"Oh, I guess it ain't that bad," smiled the worthy anti-spooner commander. "I don't think it's so bad. It's just a matter of taste. What looks pretty good to one policeman may look bad to another."

So, if you are in a nutshell, Patrolman Casey, who has a sentimental side, may never have an eye at a pair of lovers, while Detective Gleason, with a heart of stone, will arrest a pair of lovers who are kissing. It all depends on the policeman.

So cheer up, summer lovers. You can still spoon at Coney by the sea, provided you do it in the proper spirit and the proper precinct.

The best advice to the lovers is to first pick the beat of a sentimental roundman and then sail in. From now on spooning at Coney isn't alone a question of the time, the place and the girl, but the time, the place, the girl and the policeman.

"Exactly!" laughed the captain, "only

burglars got stuck in Mr. Colby's ceiling.

Made Mistake in the Attic and the
Noise Thereof Scared
Them Away.

Two men attempted to rob the residence of Thomas Colby, a wealthy manufacturer who lives at No. 23 Hancock street, Brooklyn, but were frightened away today before dawn by a great noise they made in opening the skylight.

Private Watchman O'Neill was passing and heard the racket. He rang the door bell, awakened Mr. Colby, who was alone in the house, and the two men went upstairs.

They found a great section of plaster being knocked from the ceiling of the attic. The burglars had stepped on some of the lathing and sent it and the plaster crashing down into the room below.

The robbers had first entered the house at No. 23 Hancock street, and walked over the roof to Colby's. O'Neill and Police Officer James Kelly arrested two men, Robert Raynor and Frank Shack, on suspicion. They were residents of Manhattan, who were in Brooklyn on business. Occupants of the house at No. 23 reported nothing stolen.

WILL CLEAN STREETS.

Hotel Navarre Organizes Its Own
Force in Order to Get Work
Done.

There is a brand new S. C. D. in town. It was organized and began its work today under the direction of the Hotel Navarre. The hotel management wanted that section of Seventh avenue and Thirty-eighth street, opposite the house clean and the only way to accomplish this seemed to be to clean it themselves.

The new department consists of Maurice Wells, who measured the pavement, and Vincent Garbido Catalonia, who does all the work.

LIE PASSED BY LAWYERS AT THE HAYWOOD TRIAL

Sheriff and Deputies Crowd
Around to Avert Clash Be-
tween Hawley and Darrow.

BOISE, Idaho, July 20.—While summing up in the Haywood case for the prosecution today Justice Hawley took up the criminal story of his experiences and the criminal record in Colorado, his trip to Wyoming and his attempt on the life of Fred Bradley, of San Francisco.

With the utmost deliberation the leading counsel for the State charged withal perjury against several witnesses.

He argued the truth of Orchard's story and said that two men in particular might have been brought to contradict him, but that the defense was afraid to produce either Pettibone or Adams, and he said Adams had been brought to Boise from the jail in Shoshone County in order that the defense might use him as a witness.

White to the lips, Clarence Darrow sprang into action.

"The statement is false, and counsel knows it," he shouted.

Hawley took a step closer to the defense table and, shaking his finger close to Darrow's face said:

"When counsel says that he utters a deliberate falsehood."

The atmosphere here was charged with danger. Sheriff Hodgins stepped up, alert, and his deputies drew closer in, but Judge Wood, with a sharp command and insistent warning, patched up a temporary peace.

Mr. Hawley's argument today was lacking in all attempts at oratory. It was a dispassionate review of the evidence with bold denunciation of the method of counsel and testimony of witnesses for the defendant.

Mr. Hawley characterized Orchard's evidence as a plain story, told "with-out effort at concealment, without boastfulness and without fear." He held that a cross-examination without parallel in the history of criminal cases failed to bring out any story in particular. He maintained that the confession of Orchard was due to the "power of divine grace."

Quoting the law of conspiracy that every man connected by the evidence with a conspiracy or combination must be responsible for every act done and every word spoken by a member of the combination, Mr. Hawley said it was a just law because otherwise any man might preach abominable crime and then fall back claiming that his hands were clean, although the foulest crime resulted from his advice.

On this, he said, is based the charge against Haywood, that he conspired with Gov. Steunhagen, and on this was based the affidavit made by the county attorney to secure the extradition of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone.

"Any statement," said Mr. Hawley, "that counsel for the defense may make to you charging that the extradition of these men was secured on a perjured affidavit, I will maintain will under the plain law of conspiracy Haywood is guilty of the murder of Gov. Steunhagen."

Mr. Hawley had reviewed the evidence of the blowing up of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan concentrator at Western Federation of Miners, through the acts of its officers, was responsible, and in plain and done merely for just against a number of witnesses brought by the defense to contradict Orchard's story of the crime.

LARNEY NOW CHIEF OF COMBUSTIBLES

Third Avenue Liquor Dealer
and Politician Gets Impor-
tant Fire Department Post.

Francis J. Lantry, Fire Commissioner, announced today that he had appointed William A. Lantry, Chief of the Bureau of Combustibles.

This bureau has charge of the sale of fireworks, blasting operations, the sale of petroleum and other by-products of petroleum and all drug houses retail and wholesale.

Lantry is a liquor dealer of No. 412 Third avenue. Commissioner Lantry said that Lantry had had no experience and knows something about explosives. The job of chief inspector of the Bureau of Combustibles pays a salary of \$3,000.

The new head of the bureau will take charge on Monday. It is said to be a McClellan man, and is so accepted at Fire Hall.

NEW JUDGE PRESENTED.

Magistrate Gilroy Introduced in
Far Rockaway Court.

Eugene C. Gilroy, who was appointed on Thursday an additional Magistrate for Queens County by Mayor McClellan, was in the Far Rockaway Court today and was called to the bench by Magistrate Healy, who was presiding and invited to take a seat by the latter's aide. After chatting a few minutes the two Magistrates arose and Magistrate Healy, addressing those in the courtroom, said:

"I want to introduce to the audience of our Magistrate. He may not be as severe as I have been, but he is young yet and has plenty of time to learn."

DIES IN BATH-HOUSE.

Stranger Ready for the Tub a
Victim of Heart Failure.

An unidentified man was found dead sitting in a chair in a bathroom at Broad Channel, Jamaica Bay, today. He was about fifty-five years old, five feet high and weighed about 100 pounds. He had sandy hair and mustache and gray eyes. He wore a black shirt and trousers. It is supposed his death was due to heart failure.

SIXTY-DAY FAST CURES CHICAGO MAN OF HIS ILLS

Water His Panacea for Ner-
vousness, Stomach and
Throat Troubles.

CHICAGO, July 20.—For the first time in sixty-one days, George E. Hufford, a lawyer, joined his family at the breakfast table yesterday. For all of two months Mr. Hufford listened to the tinkling of the breakfast, the luncheon, and the dinner bell with stern resistance and determination, and contented himself with a glass of water in lieu of anything else.

He undertook the long fast to cure himself of chronic stomach and throat trouble, catarrh, biliousness and nervousness and claims these ailments have been routed by his long refrain from eating.

Mr. Hufford's weight has decreased from 154 pounds to 125 pounds. He is forty years old and was formerly an attorney of Austin, Tex.

NO DRINK; FLASHES GUN; GOES TO JAIL

Refused Liquor Because Too
Young, Student Here on
Visit Produces Revolver.

Hugh Crowell, nineteen years old, a student at St. John's Military Academy in Wisconsin, and a visitor here with his father and mother, is under arrest. His parents were out of town yesterday, and Hugh went to the cafe of the Hotel Lucerne, on West Seventy-ninth street, and ordered some drinks.

Harry Gruenberg, the man behind the bottle, looked the lad over. He refused to serve him.

"I'll blow your top piece off if you don't give me what I want," Gruenberg stated, with the threat young Crowell must be arrested.

"Run along, little boy," came the reply. The West Side Court today Gruenberg said the student ran to his apartments and came back with a revolver. Gruenberg dropped a seltzer bottle which exploded with a loud report. Patrolman McVey arrived and the lad was arrested.

"Ten dollars," said the Magistrate. "Have your father pay it. Jail till father pays," said the prisoner.

BLACK HAND THREAT IN LOCK

Jersey City Merchant's Daugh-
ter to Be Taken if \$1,000
Is Not Paid.

Harry Turkenko, a dry goods merchant, tried to open the front door of his store at No. 222 Newark avenue, Jersey City, this morning, and could not insert the key. He examined the lock and found it stuffed with a piece of paper, neatly folded. He got it out and found that it was addressed to him. It read:

"I am going to take your daughter if you do not send me \$1,000. Meet me at second street and Newark avenue at midnight. BLACK HAND."

Turkenko has a daughter, Millicent, nine years old. He reported the matter to Chief of Police Monahan.

KILLED BY FALL.

John McAllister, Elevator Oper-
ator, Meets with Instant Death.

John McAllister, thirty-eight years old, who lives in Wyckoff street, Brooklyn, and is employed as an elevator operator at No. 172 Duane street, New York, accidentally fell down the elevator shaft at that place today and was instantly killed.

Lantry is a liquor dealer of No. 412 Third avenue. Commissioner Lantry said that Lantry had had no experience and knows something about explosives. The job of chief inspector of the Bureau of Combustibles pays a salary of \$3,000.

The new head of the bureau will take charge on Monday. It is said to be a McClellan man, and is so accepted at Fire Hall.

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GOT MONEY TO REPAIR "WIRES" IN HUMAN ARM

Mr. Saloman, Who Purchased
Automaton and Got Living
Boy, Tells Court About It.

Morris J. Mansfield, manager of Hasen Pasha, the automaton chess and checker player at Coney Island, was arraigned before Magistrate Cornell in the Tombs Police Court today, charged with swindling. In that he sold a fake automaton with a wire inside of it for a bona fide mechanical contrivance. The complainant, Charles V. Sullivan, a wholesale leaf tobacco dealer, failed to appear.

The hearing was set for tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock, and bail fixed at \$500. Mansfield couldn't furnish bail and was locked up.

Mansfield told the Court his wife had been to see Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Saloman had agreed to withdraw the charge on the payment of \$50. Mansfield's statement was corroborated by his wife, who was in court. Mansfield said he was willing to settle for that sum.

When Mr. Saloman appeared he was asked about Mansfield's statement that he would settle for \$50, and he pronounced the statement a lie.

"Every time Mansfield wanted \$10 or \$15 or \$20," Mr. Saloman said, "he would go to my brother-in-law (Leopold Goldmann, a liquor dealer at Surf avenue and Fifteenth street, Coney Island) and say that a spring or wire or some other odd thing was out of order or busted and get the money necessary to make repairs. I believe that Mansfield has been making lots of money out of the machine for many years by selling it as a money-maker, and then treating out the machine."

The complainant said he suspected something was wrong, one day, when he saw a voice from nowhere said to a player:

"You've got me king!"

Then Mr. Saloman said he started the boy out by watching the machine in the next hour. The boy emerged a wreck.

GEN. G. W. MINDL, WAR HERO, DEAD

Commissioned Brigadier for
Facing Crisis Before
Gettysburg.

Major-Gen. George W. Mindl, twice a medal of honor man in the civil war, died today at his home, Graham court, Sixth avenue and One Hundred and Seventh street. Born in 1843 in Frankfurt, Germany, of a distinguished family of soldiers, he came to this country at the age of six. He was a second lieutenant at sixteen and Colonel of the Twenty-seventh and Thirtieth New Jersey Volunteers at twenty-one, the youngest colonel ever commissioned in this country.

In the crisis just before Gettysburg, his regiment was on its way home to be mustered out. He telegraphed to President Lincoln that the men would serve, and they did. He returned to Washington after the battle, and was commissioned brigadier-general, brevet, at twenty-two. He then raised another regiment with twenty days' notice, and served throughout the struggle, being finally brevetted Major-General.

He led the decisive charge which won the battle of Gettysburg for the Union forces, leading 200 men of the Fortieth New York up the heights and capturing the Confederate battery which commanded the Union position.

He was one of the best-known Jewish experts in this country and had been an examiner in the Customs Department.

Funeral services will be held at the residence Monday evening.

MOTHER SEEKS SON.

Not Heard From John P. Flanagan
For Over a Year.

Any one knowing the whereabouts of John P. Flanagan, son of Mrs. A. Flanagan, of No. 13 West One Hundred and Fourteenth street, can earn the gratitude of the mother by giving her information which will enable her to find him. John worked for W. J. Newman, in Lake Forest, Ill., until July 10, 1906, since which time he has not been heard from.

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